

# THE CAMP JESTER.

## PREFACE.

ENNUI IS a disease which the entire human family is subject to. It appears to constitute one of the evils that came out of the wonderful box of Pandora, and, from its first essay into the world, spread its drowsy: influence far and wide, causing a fixed tension of the muscles of the face an elo-gation of the features, and a staid seperness in man's demeanor which seemed to write "suicide" upon his brow. To consterned the baleful effects of this opiate of our nature, wit and humor were created in order that man might sometimes bask in the sunshine of harminess, and shake off the lassitude caused by his having sucked greet persimmons in the early days of life. We are the children of impulse, and always act according to circumstances. Tickle our nerves and we laugh, wound them and we ory. Good humor is always a sure antidote for ennui, and whatever administers to our happiness in this world, must of course tend to sweeten, if not to lengthen life: "Laugh and grow fat," as a jolly old English saying, and if appearances are fair indications, John Bull acts nobly up to his favorite motto.

There are various classes of wit; The Brilliant, the Electric, and the Pointed constitute the principal. Men may frequently be witty without knowing it, and per contra, men may frequently attempt wit and believe themselves witty, when no one else eaer believed them guilty of saying

a good thing.

Brilliant wit dazzles us with its splender; it creates admiration, and but seldom laughter. For instance, Judge Dawes while on the bench was shown a watch which had saved a man's life by acsisting a pistol builet. "A wonderful watch," exclaimed he, "it has kept time from eternity." There is nothing to laugh at in the Judge's spontaneous jou d'esprit; no punning, no play upon words, yet every one must observe the force of the allusion.

Of this kind of wit was Governeur Morris. While the surgeons were amputating his leg.he observed his servant standing by weeping. "Tom," said Mr. Morris, "why are you weeping? It is rank hypooricy--you wish to laugh; for, in future you'll have but one shoe to clean instead of two "

Also Judge Peters, who was sitting alone to hear a law argument. After a very learned and able discussion, he turned to the counsel and said. "The Court is DIVIDED in opinion."

Brilliant wit never fails to indicate genius; it seems of spontaneous birth, and always falls pleasantly upon the car. I once heard Smith, the

oelebrated razor strap man, thus eulogize his razors :

"Gentlemen, these razors were made in a caye in Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night and you will be clean shaved in the morning."

Shakspeare makes Mercutio say in his dying moments, "Send for me to morrow and you will find me a GRAVE man" Henever had been grave before. The play here is upon the word 'grave:' the last effort of the dying man ought, therefore, more properly to come under the

head of serious punning.

Electric wit takes an audience by surprise, for no one anticipated it. It creates both admiration and laughter. The reader will be kind enough to imagine himself within the area of a social circle, in friendly chat with these who can give a joke and take one. From some unexpected quarter a bright spark is emitted, and the surprise is only equalled by the admiration created by the sudden explosion. A truly witty man seldom laughs at his own jokes. If he succeeds in making others laugh it is glery enough for him. I have met with many a wag whose dry humor was such, that theugh his scintillations might be considered a dull pyrotechnic display, yet the serio-comic way in which the attempt was made, convulsed the company with laughter, and brought down thunders of applause.

The third class, which I denominate Pointed wit, is always associated with satire. It is a dangerous species of wit, and though it may please many, it is always sure to wound some. The epigrams of former times were considered of the first order of wit—the severer their stroke, the more they won admiration. I have known a pungent repartee to give rise to a duel. I have also known brothers to become deadly and unnatural enemies for the same cause. Those who consider themselves wags should, therefore, be wary how they use "the cut direct," for a polished sword of steel, when exposed to the sunlight may excite the admiration of the crowd, but let it fall upon the sconce of some unlucky wight, and

he is sure to wince.

The reader will find specimens of these different species recorded in the pages that follow these introductory remarks. Many of the sparks that are emitted from the feets of this little book have, doubtless, before dazzled the seeker after hunor, while others are produced as an antidote to care for the first time, with a faint hope that they may succeed in effecting a perfect cure

The book is published for the amusement of our brave soldiers who are on the tonted field. It is the editor's hope that it may tend to cheer the dreary routine of camp duty, and prove a welcome panacea to the dull

monetony of "voiccless woods and whispering brooks"

In our selections we have drawn heavily upon our friend, Punch, of Richmond, thereby showing our good taste and ready appreciation of his wit and good humor. We have also culled from the luminous pages of the "Confederate Knapsack," and "Bugle Horn of Liberty."

THE EDITOR.

# THE CAMP JESTER.

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A Jew's Conscience.—A Jew was observed noticing very intently a prodigiously fine ham. "What are you saying to that ham, Mr. Jacobs?" asked a bystander, "I was saying to it, thou almost persuadeth me to become a christian." The Jew's appetite was making a fearful assault upon his religious scruples.

Macready Non-Plussed.—An under actor, who had a grudge against the great Macready, once had to personate Rosenerauz to his Hamlet, and he siezed on the favorable opportunity of annoying him. In the scene where Hamlet, according to the correct edition of Shakspeare, hands Roseneranz a pipe and requests him to play upon it; there was some small confusion, the property man having neglected to furnish a "pipe." Roseneranz seeing the dilemma of the noble Dane, reached down into the orchestra and brought up a bassoon. Hamlet was horror stricken, but the play must go on. With much dignity, mingled with mortification, he passed the unwieldy instrument over to Roseneranz and proceeded:

"Can you play upon this instrument?"

"No, my lord."

"You have but to place your tingers upon these little ventages, and it will discourse most cloquent music."

"I cannot play, my lord."

"Do."

"Well my lord," said Rosencranz, placing the instrument blis lips, "if you insist upon it, I will. I'll give you Michael Wiggins; it's the only tune I ever learned.' And to the horror of the great actor, and the merriment of the andience, the fellow went into the Irish jig of Michael

Wiggins in downright earnest, creating a confusion that caused his discharge from the company, though he was gratified at having his revenge on Macready.

CLERICAL WIT.—The Rev. Mr. Cookman, who was lost in the ill-fated steamer President, once preached to a congregation in Baltimore which had an excellent choir to do their singing. The members of the Church, however, thought they had a right, and, in fact, that it was their duty to join in the choral services, and, consequently, gave their "powerful aid" to the trained choristers. On the occasion alluded to a congregational hymn was sung. The choir took the time that suited them, and the congregation chimed in smoothly enough at first; but at length began to drag, and finally every one seemed singing "on his own hook." When the hymn was brought to a chaotic close, the reverend gentleman arose and remarked:

"If the brethren of the choir will sing a leetle slower, and the bretheren of the congregation a leetle faster, I have not the least doubt but the music will be much more acceptable to God."

An Accommodating Conscience.—An old negro who was generally hired out to different masters, was once asked by a white sectarian, who wished to hire him, to what church he belonged? To this interrogatory he replied:

"When I is hired out to a marster dat is Presbyterian, I is Presbyterian. When I is hired out to a marster dat is Mefodis', I is Mefodis'. When I is hired out to a marster dat is Baptis', I is Baptis', too. De fac is I's whatever religion marster is."

TAKING THE CENSUS.—A census-taker once called upon the mother of a family in California, and among other questions, asked her how many children she had. The mother replied that she really could not tell, but there was one thing of which she was certain—"that the measles got among the children once, but that there was not enough of it to go around."

No Soul.—A gentleman who was so unfortunate as to stutter, somewhat thus belaboured a mean neighbor who had importanted him out of three cents, balance of account:

"The they s say that the the moment any one d-d-dies another is b-b-born; and the the s soul of the the one that d d-dies gog-gog goes into the one th—that's born. Now when n-n-neighbor S-Smith was b-born no-no-nobody d-died."

## RPIGRAM—BY SAXE.

Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had.

JOHN RANDOLPH.—Onee, after this eccentric Virginian had been speaking in Congress, several members arose in succession and attacked him. His reply was as prompt as it was witty. "Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I am in the condition of old Lear,

"The little dogs and all Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, See, they bark at me."

#### EPIGRAM.

Adam laid down and slept, and from his side

A woman in her magie beauty rose;

Dazzled and charmed he called that woman bride,

And his first sleep became his last repose.

#### WELLERISMS.

"I'm clear grit," as the grind stone said to the axe.
"I'll trouble you for your ear," as the knife said to the oyster.

"Give me a shake of your hand," as the ague said to

the Wolvereen.

"You're a book keeper," as the librarian said to the man who never returned a book.

"Off with his head; so much for bucon him," as the

butcher said to the hog.

"One rod makes an acher," as the boy said when the schoolmaster dusted his back.

### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Arabia like an argument? Because it is a

racy-hossy-nation, (ratioeination.)

Why is an absconding Irishman like the most southern portion of South America? Because he is Pat-a-going-away, (Patagonia.)

Why is an old-fashioned chimney like a swallow? Be-

cause it has a crooked flew.

Why is an extravagant wife like the sub-treasury bill?

Because she has a specie claws.

When Sir John Falstaff was drunk, why did he rob the Churches? Because he was sack-religious,

### BIBLE FOOD-

Who says old Shinny's fat?
I'm sure it's quite a libel;
Week days he lives on broth,
On Sundays eats his Bible.

## A SCENE

The following scene is taken from the military farce of "The Prisoner of Monterey." (Liza is seated at a work table, and, while sewing abstractedly, questions Sergeant Brusque, her guard, as to his ideas of courtship.)

Liza.—Sergeant Brusque.

Brus .- Senorita.

Liza.—Were you ever in love?

Bruz.—Bah! once Senorita.

Liza.—You military men are very strong headed. Let me question you a little as to your mode of courtship, for I may be courted some of these days, and I should like to have the benefit of your experience,

(Here Brusque becomes quite uneasy, and in order to avoid the questions of Liza amuses himself by going through the manual, Liza speaking while she continues her sewing.)

Liza.—I presume the first thing you do when you wish to win the affections of a lady is to draw her—

Brus.—Attention!

Liza.—But suppose she should show you a cold—

Brus.—Phoulder —

Liza.-You certainly would not seek her-

Brus .- Arms!

Liza.—If kind would you always give her your—

Brus.--Support! .

Liza. -- But you'd have a heavy burden to-

Brus.—Carry!

Liza.—Yeur butcher and baker would have to—

Brus -- Charge!

Liza.—And the bailiff might tap you on the--

Brus.—Shoulder!

Liza.-In that event you'd have to--

Brus.-Right about face!

Liza.-Ah, that would'nt do, Sergeaut, you must show a bold Brus.—Front!

Liza .-- What a real blessing is domestic--

Brus.—Order!

Liza.-With a cheerful fireside you can-

Brus .- Stand at ease!

Liza.--Your wife will require all your--

Brus.---Attention!

Liza .-- For she will lean upon your---

Brus.--Shoulder!

Liza.—And you should always be--

Brus .- Ready!

Liza. -- And her happiness should be your--

Brus,- Aim!

Liza.—If not it had been much better for both parties, had you thrown all your tender epistles into the—

Brus.—Fire! (Discharges his gun.)

Liza.—Heavens, Sergeant, what have you done?

Brus. - (Confused.) Exploded!

#### VALOR.

Lo! the poor soldier whose uneasy mind Sees foes in every bush, and hears his step behind; Whose soul stern duty ne'er could teach to stay Where bullets whistle—so he ran away.

#### THE VALIANT CONSCRIPT.

AS SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY MESSRS C, MORTON AND OLIVER WREN

How are you; boys. I'm just from camp,
And feel as brave as Caesar;
The sound of bugle drum, and fife,
Has raised my Ebenezer.
I'm full ef fight—odds, shot and shell!
I'll leap into the saddle,
And when the Yankees see me come,
Lord, how they will skedaddle.

Hold up your head up, Shanghai, Shanks!
Don't shake your knees and blink so:
It is no time now to dodge the act.
Brave comrades, don't you think so.

I was a plow boy in the field,
A gawky, lazy dodger,
When came the Conscript officer.
And took me for a sojer.
He put a musket in my hand,
And showed me how to fire it:
I marched and countermarched all day,
Lord, how I did admire it.

Hold up your head, &c.

With corn and hog fat for my food,
And digging, guarding, drilling,
I got as thin as twice skimmed milk.
And was scarcely worth the killing.
But now I'm used to homely fare,
My skin as tough as leather,
I do guard duty cheerfully
In every kind of weather,

Horl up your head, &c.

I am brim full of fight, my boys,
I would not give a thank ye
For all the smiles the girls can give,
Until I've killed my Yankee!
High private is a glorious rank,
There 's wile room for promotion:

I'll get a corp'ral's stripe some day, When Fortune's in the notion.

Hold up your head, &c

'Tis true I have not seen a fight,
Nor have I smelt gunpowder:
But then the way I'll pepper Yanks,
Will be a sin to chowder.
A sergeant's stripes I soon will sport,
Perhaps, be color bearer,
And then a Captain—good for me!
I'll be a regular tearer.

Hold up your head, &c.

l'il then begin to wear the stars,
And then the wreaths of glory,
Until an army I command,
. And poets sing my story.
Our Congress will pass votes of thanks,
'To him who rose from zero:
The people in a mass will shout,
iturrah, behold the hero!
Hold up your heads, &c.

[Fires his gun by accident.]

What's that? oh dear! a boiler's burst,
A gas pipe has exploded!
Maybe the Yankees are hard by,
With muskets ready loaded.
On, gallant soldiers, beat them back!
I'd join you in the frolic,
But I've a chill from head to foot,
And symptoms of the choic!

Hold up your head, &c.

#### THE CHESAPEAKE FISHERMAN.

Sam Bell he was a tisherman
Of Chesapeake's broad bay:
For clawing crabs he gained eclat
By his strange, crabbed way.
Each day he brought his oysters up
To market for to sell out,
A sell-fish man Sam Bell, he was,
And people had to shell out.

Sometimes he hauled his net for fish,
For scaly were his deeds,
And Fri-day was the day that he
Summed up his net proceeds.
He often perch'd upon a rock
That flounder'd in the sea,
But once insune himself, his scine
Brought up a stingaree

He lov'd a maid—sweet Sally Brown,
Who kept a sausage stall,
In troubled waters long he fish'd
Until he made a haul.
No mineing matters with Miss Brown,
Love hauls in pleasant weather,
He went the whole hog in a day,
And they were link'd together.

Alas, alas, for stout Sam Bell, ile found when 'twas too late. That he had hook'd a lannpray-cel. With soft soap for his bait. His grief it was ten fathoms deep, He died, 'twas by self slaughter, At first he took to drinking rum, And then he took to water.

Now, all young men, a lesson learn,
Don't cast your net 'mong swine,
For, when a heavy pig gets in,
'Tis sure to break the twine.
Be caution'd by the fate of Sam,
Who in the sea went down,
He comfort found in getting blue,
And grief in getting Brown.

THE TIME O' DAY.—A raw son of the Emerald Isle, just arrived, wore a pair of leather inexpressibles, with blue clocked stockings. A dress of such rare antiquity drew the attention of a smart, upper crust dandy, who thus accosted him:

"My good fellow; what time is it by your stockings?"

"Jist striking one!" replied the Irishman, giving him a rap over the sconce with his shillelah.

Schisms.—A few years ago, in the northern part of Wisconsin, a preacher of a certain persuasion which denounces

all associations outside of the Church as utterly uncanonical, took for his text the sadly unheeded advice of St. Paul: "Let there be no schisms." "Here, brethering," said he, "we have the plain word of Scripture against schemes! It knocks on the head the Missionary Scheme; the Bible Scheme; the Tract Scheme; the Sunday School Scheme; and the Temperance Scheme; and all such like devices of the devil,"

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress, To make provision for the fatherless, Is but a christian's duty, and none should Resist the heart-appeal of widow Hood.

## THE HOOSIER SERMON

"The Harp of a Thousand strings."

"I may say to you, my brethring, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them that believes edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I believe the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, and, although I say't that ought'nt to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man gits a bigger

congregation nor what I gets.

There may be some here, to-day, my brethring, as do not know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethring, that I am a hard-shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as dont like the Hard Shell Baptists, but I'd rayther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here, to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mought think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years and although I've been captain uv that flat boat that lies at yonder landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not gwoin ter tell you edzaetly whar my tex may be found, suffice it tu say, it's in the leds uv the Bible, and you will find it somewhar 'tween the fust chapter uv the book of Generation, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes, as will

do you good to read, and my tex, when you shill find it you shill find it read thus:

'And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperits

uv just men made perfeck.

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak av sperits. Now, thar's a great many kind of sperits in the world; in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks calls ghosts; then thar's the sperits uv turpen-time; and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good artikel uv them kind uv sperits on my flat boat as ever was fetched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says. "He played upon a harp uv a thou-sand strings, sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But, I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant by the tex; it's fire. That is the kind uv sperits as is meant by tex, my brethering. Now, thar's a great many kinds uv fire in the world. In the first place, thar's the common kind of fire you light your cigars or pipes with, and then thar's camfire, fire before you're ready to fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played upon a harp uv a thou-sand strings, the sperits uv just men made perfect."

But, I'll tell you what kind of fire is meant in the tex, my brethering, it's hell fire! and that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you dont do better nor what you have been doin', for "He played upon a harp uv a thou sand strings, the sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions in the world. In the fust place, we have the 'Piscopalians, and they are a high sailin' and highfalutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger nor your thumb nail, and the first thing you know, he comes down an' down and is fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side uv the road, and "He played upon a harp of a thou-sand strings, the sperits uv just men made perfeck."

And then there's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto a squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis believes in gwoin' on from one degree uv grace to another and finally on to perfecshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the first thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflummux! and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers a fallin' from grace, ah! and "He played on a harp uv a thou-sand strings, sperits of just men made perfeck."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a "possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possom elings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar; and you may shake all the feet loose, and he laps his tail aroun' the limb, and he clings for ever; for "He played on a harp-uv a thou-sand strings, the sperits of just men made perfeck."

Let us join in a spiritual song-

Ef you want to make old Satan run,
Play on the golden harp:
Jest shoot him with the gospel gun,
Play on the golden harp.
Play on the golden harp: play on the golden harp!

Col. David Crocket.—The renowned David Crocket, whom some good people of this period believe to be a fabulous character—a myth—was a great humorist. When he passed through Baltimore, on his return from a tour to the North, a number of his admirers invited him to a dinner party. At the dinner he was introduced to Colonel -, a man favored by no means with personal beauty, and who, in order to hide the defects of a blind eye, wore a pair of green spectacles. After the dinner, Crockett, with a party of gentlemen, took a stroll through the streets, during which his attention was drawn by the gambols of a monkey which, in obedience to his master, an organ grinder, performed a number of tricks. 'Joeko," said Crockett to the monkey, "you only want a pair of green spectacles to make you a perfect counterpart of Colonel -

The Colonel happened to be standing at Crockett's elbow, and the latter feeling himself called upon to make an apology, said:

"Why, Colonel, how d'ye do? I did'nt see you. I don't know whether to make an apology to you or to the monkey!"

THE SUBLIME.—The following lines are extracted from an old journal. The lungs of the poet must have "bleeted like buttered peas," when he made his lofty flight to the realms of the stars:

I'd love to sit upon the corner of the moon, And inundate the earth with bring tears. Or chase a comet with a huge balloon, Aml play the organ of the starry spheres, I'd love to mount Apollo's fiery car-And crack my whip along the milky way, Until I'd rattled over every star, And scoured the regions of perpetual day. I'd kick the seven Satellites of Saturn, And brush the snow from aged Herschel's brow, Proud Mars I'd pummel with a wooden baten, And doff my cap to Venus, "How d'ye do !" I'd love to straddle von inflated cloud, And gallop on before the wings of Boreas. I'd tune my pipes so lustily and loud That aged occan would jig to the chorus. I'd roll about among its silvery folds, **Unti**l Jove's forged thunder rumbled out With flashes like the eyes of common scolds, Rearing "slang, hang, boom, what are you about?" I'd love to climb a rainbow as a squirrel Climbs up a crooked oak, and when I'd tied An ignis fatuus on its top with laurel Switches, I'd travel down the other side! I'd love to sit upon a whirlwind's back, And go with whip and spur from pole to pole, Until with puff and snort my speed I'd slack, And plunge head foremost into Symmes' Hole!

Scene in a Railroad Car.—As a military train was making its way from Augusta to Atlanta, a certain Major in the Quartermaster's Department, produced an elegant watch, which he exposed to the admiring gaze of a number of efficers who sat near him. "Gentlemen," said he, "I paid five hundred dollars for that watch, and dog cheap at that."

A poor soldier who happened to be sitting near, asked humbly to be permitted to look at the watch. He examined it closely, and sighing, exclaimed as he returned it to its owner:

"Five hundred dollars for a watch!" I reckon, sir, you're a Quartermaster, no one else could afford to buy watches at that price."

The Major put his watch up and said nothing.

THE SHIP OF ZION.—An itinerant preacher who delighted in distributing tracts among the "ungodly soldiers," recently gathered around him a large body of members of one of the Louisiana regiments, to whom he talked much of the "Ship of Zion;" how it braved the storms of this sinful world, and fought the good fight uninjured. At the end of his homily, a new boned fellow stepped up to him and asked the following question:

"Mister preacher, that must have been a moughty good

boat-wa'nt it a regular iron-clad?"

SQUAD.—An Irish conscript having been found to be too awkward, was placed in the "awkward squad," where he was all alone by himself. The drill master commenced his labors:

"Squad! attention!'

Paddy stood creet, but looked indignant.

"Squad! front!"

He fronted, but being no longer able to smother his

rage, exclaimed

Look here, mister, my name's Pat Mahoney, and by the mother of Moses, I won't be called "Squad" by any man."

#### EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay, Lies Arabella Young; Who on the twenty-first of May Began to hold her tongue MARCH OF MIND .- "Miss, did you see the balloon yesterday?"

"Yes, I had a synopsis view of it."

"How does the thermometer stand?" asked a father of his college-bred son.

"It don't stand at all, sir, it hangs," was the reply.

"Well, but I mean how high is it?"
"Just about five feet from the floor."

"Pooh! you fool, how does the mercury range?"

"Up and down—perpendicular."

An Irishman having purchased a shawl for his wife, found that it made rather too large a bulk for one of his pockets, he therefore requested the clerk to wrap it up in two pieces of paper, so that he might put it in both pockets.

"A horse is a happy creature," said Simon in a melancholy tone, "because he's got no notes to pay to-morrow."

"Not so happy as you suppose," replied Bob, "for he has his checks and drafts to meet."

## CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a troublesome tooth like murder? Because its akin to kill.

Why is it like a scolding wife? Because it makes you hold your jaw.

Why is it like Jeff Davis when called upon by the crowd? Because it must come out.

What sort of capital punishment do most men suffer daily? The want of funds.

Why should an umbrella never be loaned? Because it is expected that every gentleman will follow the morals of society by stealing one wherever he finds it.

Why are tailors the laziest men? Because they always set down to work, and seam so pressed to get through with it.

Why are butchers never consumptive? Because they are so often picking up, and seldom lose flesh.

Why is a pretty foot and ankle like one of Shakespare's comedies? Because its "all well that ends well."

What is the best proof of a woman's insanity? To see her admire another woman more than herself.

Why has old Abe been too liberal to Gen. Roscerans? Because he has *Granted* him more than he desired.

What's the most accumulative capital a man can have? A capital wife.

What did Adam and Eve do when they were expelled from Eden? They raised Cain.

Why are shoemakers the most endurable of mechanics? Because they wax stronger as their work becomes heavier.

What should be the cheapest vegetable in the Richmond market? Turnips. Why? Because nearly every man you meet has one in his pocket, and many a lady carries one on her face.

Why may the ladies be considered as opposed to total abstinence? Because they are addicted to their glasses.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. EARLY.—Punch was told this anecdote of the gallant General.

During the recent fight on the Rappahannock, he saw a man rushing past him.

"Where are you going?" eried the General.

"To the rear," replied the man. # "I am a non-combat-ant."

"Who are you?" demanded the General.

"I am a chaplain," replied the runner.

"Well," said the General, "here is consistency! For twenty years you have been wanting to get to heaven, and now that there is a chance, you run away from it."

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WISE.—A soldier of the "Wise Brigade," relates to Punch, the following amusing anecdote of his gallant commander.

During the battles around Richmond, Gen. Wise was ordered to take a position just outside a fence which en-

closed a tract of land, that gradually rose until it attained a considerable elevation.

While the soldiers of the Brigade were eagerly watching an opportunity to distinguish themselves, one of the Generals' aids rode up and said: "General, I see a battery on you distant hill. The enemy must be there in considerable force."

Looking steadily, for sometime, through the mist which enveloped the hill, the General discerned an object which he concluded was a battery. Riding along the line, and rising in his stirrups, he made one of those electrifying little speeches to the Brigade for which he is so celebrated.

"Boys," said he in conclusion, "the Yankees have planted a battery on yonder hill. They must be dislodged, Right shoulder shift! Over the fence! Give 'em h—ll, G—d d—m 'em!"

Over the fence, and up the hill, rushed the Brigade. The disappointment can be better imagined than described, when the so-thought battery turned out to be a hay-stack!

It is unnecessary to say that there was some tall profanity, over which the recording angel dropped a tear.

Advice Thrown Away,—"John, my young friend, do mend your conduct. You are in a fair way to bring your poor old father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"That's impossible, the old chap wears a wig."

TIT FOR TAT.—Jones says Smith is loose in his habits Smith says that Jones is always light in his.

Miss Simpleton, recently fainted upon being told that her betrothed had several engagements since the war began.

"Jimmy what do you think; old grand-dad is ninety years old to-day." "Pshaw, that's northing,—if my grand-dad had lived till now, he would have been much older."

### HOW MORGAN GOT THREE HUNDRED HORSES.

John Morgan is as good at playing a joke sometimes as he is at horse-stealing, and the following incident will prove that on this occasion he did a little of both at the same time. During his celebrated tour through Indiana he, with about three hundred and fifty guerillas, took occasion to pay alvisit to a little town hard by, while the main body were 'marching on.' Dashing suddenly into the little 'burg,' he found about three hundred home guards, each having a good horse tied to the fences—the men standing about in groups, awaiting orders from their aged captain, who looked as if he had seen the shady side of some sixty years. The Hoosier boys looked at the men with astonishment, while the captain went up to one of the party and asked:

"Whose company is this?"

"Wolford's cavalry," said the reb.

"What! Kentucky boys! We're glad to see you boys? Whar's Wolford?"

"There he sits," said a ragged, rough rebel, pointing to Morgan, who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The Captain walked up to Wolford (as he and all

thought) and saluted him:

"Captain, how are you?"

"Bully! How are you? What are you going to do with all these men and horses?" Morgan looked about.

"Well, you see that damned horse thieving John Morgan is in this part of the country with a parcel of cut-throats and thieves, and between you and I, if he comes up this way Captain, we'll give him the best we've got in the shop."

"He's hard to catch, we've been after him for fourteen days and can't see him at all," said Morgan good humor-

edly.

"Ef our hosses would stand fire we'd be all right."

"Won't they stand?"

"No, Captain Wolford; 'spose while you re restin' you and your company put your saddles on our horses and go through a little evolution or two, by way of a lesson to our boys. I am told you are a hoss on the drill."

And the only man that Morgan is afraid of, Wolford (as

it were,) alighted and ordered "his boys" to dismount, as he wanted to show the Hoosier boys how to give Morgan a warm reception should he chance to pay them a visit. This delighted the hoosier boys, so they went to work and assisted the men to tie their old weary, worn out bones to the fences, and place their saddles upon the backs of their fresh horses, which was soon done, and the men were in their saddles drawn up in line and ready for the word. The boys were highly elated at the idea of having their pet horses," trained for them by Wolford and his men, and the more so to think that they would stand fire ever afterwards.

The old Captain advanced, and walking up to Wolfords (as he thought,) said: "Captain, are you all right now?" Wolford rode up one side of the colorin and down the other, when he moved to the front, to loff his hat, paused and said, "Now, Captain, I am featy; if you and your gallant men wish to witness an evolution which you perhaps have never seen, form a line on each side of the road, and watch us closely as we pass." The Captain did as he was directed. A lot of ladies were present on the oceasion, and all was as silent as a maiden's sigh.

"Are you ready?"

"All right, Wolford," shouted the Captain.

"Forward!" shouted Morgan, as the whole column rushed through the crowd with lightning speed, amid the shouts and huzzas of every one present—some leading a horse or two as they went, leaving their frail tenements of horse flesh tied to the fences, to be provided for by the citizens. It soon became whispered about that it was John Morgan and his gang, and there is not a man in the town who wi!! "own up" that he was gulled out of a horse. The company disbanded that night, though the Captain holds the horses as prisoners of war, and awaits an exchange.

## HUMOR.

Freddy is less than four years old. His sister, who is not quite a year old, was setting in her father's lap crying and fretting for her mother, who had gone out, when The following is a sailor's description of a danc "Haven't had any fun with the land lubbers till Thursday night at a dance. When I, arrived in the cabin I found them under headway of a Spanish dance. Took my station in line with Suke Tucker—fell back and filled, then shot ahead two fathoms—hauled up on the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and then came stern on another sail—spoke her, and then bore round against the sun and fell in with another sail in full chase. Passed twenty sail on same course, and when half way across to the other shore, dropped astern, fell back—could'nt fill, so let go anchor and hauled up for repairs."

RAILROAD DIALOGUE -- "Hallo, stranger, you appear to be traveling?"

"Yes, I generally do when I'm on a journey."

"Are you going down South very far ?"

"Yes, or a shorter distance."

"Havn't I seen you some where?"

"Perhaps you have — I've been there quite often."
"Mightn't your name be Brown?"

"Yes, that or some other."

"Have you been long in Virginia?"

"Yes, a pretty good length—about six feet."

"Were you born in the Confederacy?"

"I don't recollect, but if I was not, I was born some where else."

"Do you expect to stay down South long?"

"No longer than it suits me."

"I suppose you've get plenty of money?"
"Well, I could carry more, if I had it."

"Are you in favor of recognition by Napoleon?"

"Were he to recognize me, I should return his salutation."

"Do you take snuff ?"

"Yes, I am considered up to snuff."

"Do you chew tobacco?"

"Not often, but I carry a piece to stop inquisitive months with."

(Hands piece of tobacco.)
"Thank you, I'm done talking."

A MATTER OF FACT.—"My dear friend, I'm glad to see you on your feet once more. Providence alone brought you out of your illness!"

"Well, I can't say as to that. I suppose I shall have to thank Providence for my narrow escape; but I know I

shall have to pay the doctor."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakspeare; but the following colloquy does'nt "make the proposition good:"

"Ab, Sam, so you are in trouble, eh?"

"Yes, Jem, yes; I am."

"Well, well, never mind; cheer up, man—cheer up. Adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities."

"Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a country

Judge, and he showed up my moral qualities."

This argument was a non sequitur; and in this case, at least, "the greater the thief, the greater the argument."

A HARD CURRENCY.—"Simkins, don't you wish the next Congress will do something to establish a hard currency among us?"

"Why as to that, it is thought by many that the currency is hard enough already, but for my part, I think it

hard enough to get!"

Scene in a Dentist's Office.—A male representative

from the Emerald Isle enters hat in hand, with—

"The top of the morning to ye, sir; an' I've got a bad tooth, an' the devil a bit o' comfort can I get short of a bottle of brandy, an' I've got one of Father Matthy's medals to keep me from all such evil spirits, shure. Now, sir, what'll ye be axin' to pull me a tooth?"

"Half a dollar," says the doctor.

"Well," says Pat, "what'll you pull two teeth for?"

"O," replied the doctor, "I won't charge you anything

for pulling the second one."

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug, and the doctor took a peep at his grinders, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found which were the ones he wanted out: says Pat—

"This is the first one, and that is the second one. Plaize pull the second one first."

"Very well," replied the doctor, "any way to get them

out," and he pulled. "

Before he had time to fix the instrument for the other tooth—the first one—Pat had got out of the chair and was edging towards the door.

"I guess doctor, I won't have the first tooth pulled till it aches, and you told me you would pull the second one

for nothing."

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.

Got the Boots.—While Longstreet's corps was passing through Columbia, a soldier stepped into a store and called for a pair of boots. A pair was handed out and the price demanded.'

"Sixty dollars," said the merchant. "Mighty high," replied the soldier.

"Tell me of anything that is not high," responded the merchant, "and I will make you a present of the boots."

"Soldiers' Wages, sir," promptly replied the soldier.
"Take the boots," said the merchant, and the soldier marched off with them, leaving the merchant quite convinced that "the boot was on the right foot."

Mirabeau thus wrote to a young lady who had fallen in love with his genius, and wished to know how he looked: "Fancy his satanic majesty, after having had the small pox—and such am. I."

There is one redeeming trait about lazy people and that is, they are always good-natured. Show us a man who sleeps eight hours out of twelve, and we will show you an individual who will not swear. The only folks who lose their tempers and "take on" are your smart, enterprising fellows, who get up "corners" on stocks.

"Jinks" says a pretty woman is like a lock, because she is a thing to a door (adore.) Heavy for "Jinks!"

We can see no reason in the world why the capital of Ireland should not increase, since it is always—Dublin.

A pickpocket, who had been ducked for his malpractices, accounted to his brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated watering place.

# AN EXPLANATION OF THE CONSCRIPTION ACT.

Artemas Ward sends a circular to the Boston Post which is as luminous, if not as voluminous, as those of the

immortal Fry:

CIRCULAR No. 78 — As the undersigned has been led to fear that the law regulating the draft was not wholly understood, notwithstanding the numerous explanatory eirculars that have been issued from the national capital of late, he hereby issues a circular of his own; and if he shall succeed in making his favorite measures more clear to a discerning public, he will feel that he has not lived in vain:

- 1. A young man who is drafted and inadvertently goes to Canada, where he becomes embroiled with a robust English party, who knocks him around so as to disable him for life, the same occuring in a licensed bar room on British soil, such young man cannot receive a pension on account of said injuries from the United States Government, nor can bis heirs or creditors.
- 2. No drafted men, in going to the appointed rendezvous, will be permitted to go round by way of Canada on account of the roads being better that way or because his "uncle William" lives there.
- 3. Any gentleman living in Ireland, who was never in this country, is not liable to the draft, nor are our forefathers. This latter statement is made for the benefit of those enrolling efficers who have acted on the supposition

that the ablebodied male population of a place included dead gentlemen in the cometeries.

- 4. The term of enlistment is for three years, but any man who may have been drafted in two places has a right to go for six years, whether the war last that length of time or not, a right this department hopes he will insist on.
- 5. The only son of a poor widow, whose husband is in California, is not exempt, but the man who owns stock in the Vermont Central Railroad is. So, also, are incessant lunaties; habitual lecturers, persons who are born with wooden legs or false teeth. Blind men, (unless they will acknowledge that they "can see it,") and people who deliberately voted for John Tyler.

  A. WARD.

PUT THAT IMPUDENT FELLOW OUT.—While the congregation were collecting at church, on a certain occasion, an old lark, a hard featured, skin and bone individual, was seen wending his way up the aisle, taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of those who detested written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought that they ought to be natural outpourings of the heart. After the singing was concluded, the house as usual was called to prayer. The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally on the back of the pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored,"
—"Pope," said a low, but clear voice; continued, "whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise,"—"Millon," again interrupted the voice. The minister's lips quivered for a moment, but recovering himself, began, "we thank thee most gracious Father, that we are permitted to assemble once more in thy name, while others equally meritorious but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns,"—"Sleakespeare," interrupted the voice. This was too much; "put that impudent raseal out," shouted the minister. "Original," ejaculated the voice, in the same calm but provoking manner.

An Astonished Athiopian.—Among the humorous incidents recited to Punch, connected with the capture of

New Orleans, is the following:

Just before General Lovell, in company with an aid, is reported to have turned the head of his horse toward the Yankee gunboats steaming up the Old Father of Waters, and exclaimed with a classical burst of despair, "Well, the jig's up!" great preparations were made to give the enemy a warm reception on the famous field of Chalmette.

The historic field was, however, abandoned, but notbefore the Yankee gunboats distributed a few shells over its

surface.

Among the last to retire was the witter reporter of the Daily Delta, Major McKnight, petter known as "Asa Hartz," who had with him a body servant, named Sam, by no means a warlist kinsman of the King of Dahomey.

Presently, a shell secenting through the air, burst within a hundred yards of Sam, fortunately doing no damage.

Sam had never beard nor seen one of the acreamers, and the explosion caused him to dip low and his eyes to grow

unusually big.

Cautiously approaching an oblong piece of the exploded shell, rough on one side, smooth on the other, Sam picked it up, cariously surveying the latter side.

"What do you think of it, Sam?" inquired the Major.
"Great King, Massa George! who ebber seed de likes before! Dey's shootin smoothin irons at us!"

Accusation and Acquittal.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrete against the name of one who is of the bustling order:

"Has been accused of possessing talents."

Another, seeing the accusation, immediately wrote under the charge:

"Has been tried and acquitted."

"Mr. Snowball, I want to ask you one question, dis ebening."

"Well, succed, den."

"S'pose you go to the tabbern to get dinner, and don't

hab noffin on de table but a big beet, what should you say?"

"I gib dat up afore you ax it. What should you say?"
"Why, under de circumstances ob de case, I should say,
dat beet's all!

..... A schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twire a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

Major Downing's Views on Figuring.—Here is what the celebrated Major Jack Downing said several years ago, on the subject of fighting. True as preaching, isn't it? "In the matter of fighting, there is one thing I always keep my eyes on, and I found Gen. Jackson of the same way of thinking, and that is, to depend less on folks who say they are ready to shed the last drop of their blood, than on folks who are ready to shed the first drop. Give a man eight dollars a day to make speeches in Congress, with the right of free postage, and you hear enough of last drop matters; when it comes to eamp duty, then the first drop folks have to stand the rack at eight dollars a month!

Anti-Connubial.—The following voices were written by a distressed husband, who cheated his wife, in uniting the praises of matrimony, by so arranging the lines that, to get at the sentiment of the writer, we must alternate them—reading the first and third, then the second and fourth.

That man must lead a happy life, Who is directed by a wife, Who's freed from matrimonial claims Is sure to suffer for his pains. Adam could find no solid peace Till he beheld a woman's face, When Eve was given for a mate Adam was in a happy state. In all the female race appear Truth, darling of a heart sincere, Hypoerisy, deceit, and pride In woman never did reside. What tongue is able to unfold The worth of woman we beheld? The failings that in woman dwell

Are almost imperceptible.
Confusion take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay.
Who make the women their delight
Keep reason always in their sight.

Coming down from Chattanooga on the Western and Atlantic train a few days ago, the passengers were consulting Hill & Swayze's Rail-Road Guide, and discussing the subject of Hotels in Atlanta, and selecting which they should stop at:

"Let's go to McGinley's, he's one of the old brother-

hood of Know Nothings."

"Oh," said another. "I shall stop at Sasseen's, he knows little enough for me!"

A Young lawyer was asked by a judge, whether, in the transmigration of souls, he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass?

"An ass," quickly replied the lawyer.

"Why? asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

"Why is it" asked a Yankee of a Rebel, "that you Rebels are always fighting for Liberty, while we Federals only fight for honor?"

"I suppose," said the Rebel, "that each are fighting for

what they most lack."

NEGRO PREACHING DOWN SOUTH.—A paper says many ludicrous chapters might be written on the scenes that are of every day occurrence in churches where the congregations are all negrees, and the preachers are untaught and unsophisticated Ethiopes.

In New Orleans, just before the war broke out, having heard that a revival was going on in the Fourth District

African Church, I attended.

In company with a friend I entered the church, and the seat nearest the door being vacant, we quietly occupied it. Preaching had already commenced, and we did not learn

what portion of scripture the revered minister had selected as a text. The Holy Book was spread out before him, though it was evident that he did not know how to read, but depended altogether on his memory for his scriptural quotations and references, most of which were so horribly mixed up and garbled as to render it difficult to decide what particular scripture he was trying to recite.

Whenever he mentioned the Saviour, he used the expression "Massa Jesus;" but when he referred to one of the disciples he spoke of him as "Brudder Peter;" "Brudder

Matthew," &c.

In the course of his sermon, he related the following, which he said could be found "In de third book of Brudder

Matthew, on de right hand side ob de page":

"Den, when de people all up dar ou de top ob de mountain, Massa Jesus tell Brudder Peter to go down to de ribber an catch a fish. Now Brudder Peter had no bate; but he had faith in de Lord—dat what he hab. An now you see a part ob de miracalus. He go down and frow in do line, an de hook no sooner touch de water dan he hab a bite, an he pull out a great big shad. Den he take de shad up to Massa Jesus, an Massa Jesus pull out his knife an cut de shad open an take out a piece ob money; an he say to Brudder Peter, whose hed am dis on dis penny? Brudder Peter answer an say unto him, dat am Caesar's hed. Den he say, gib unto Caesar de things dat am Ceasar's. So, ob course, Peter go an gib de penny to Cacsar. But he take de shad an feed de great multitude; an dey gather up de fragments; more dan enuf for dar supper an breakfast next morning. Dar, my brudders and sisters, you see de hole ob de miracalus!"

The sermon being ended, the congregation struck up the

hymn commencing

"O, for a mansion in the sky."

They sung the hymn in different voices. For instance when those who led off had sang the words, "O, for a man—" other voices would commence at the first, while the first voices would keep on. The third line of the verse reads.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Send down salvation from on high,"

and a few moments after they commenced, one-half of the congregation were crying at the top of their voices "O, for a man," while the other half were chiming in equally loud, "Send down sal"!

Confusion was worse confounded, and your correspondent and his friend left, almost splitting our sides with laughter.

"How rapidly they build houses now, where they build at all," said Robinson, to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a two story house in the suburbs of Atlanta. They commenced that building only last week and they are already putting in the lights,"

"Yes" rejoined his friend, and next week they will put

in the liver.

### AN OLD MAID'S REFLECTIONS.

Well, here I am in the chimney corner darning stockings! Pleasant occupation for my birth-day, truly Twenty-nine years ago since I came into the world. But it won't do to let that be known; I told Miss Snap te-day that I was twenty-three—I didn't tell her how much older I was!—she said indeed / in a very emphatic tone, as if she didn't believe it; and then the wretch had the impudence to tell me that I had six months the advantage of her. She's thirty if she's a day! it's strange how some people will lie! If I'd lost all my front teeth and was obliged to wear false curls, I would'nt try to pass myself off for twenty-two.

I wonder whether I was always cut out for an old maid! Not but I'd rather be an old maid ten times over than marry some folks. There's Sally Bnap! I verily believe she'd give up all chance of a seat in the kingdom of Heaven, if she could get an offer from John Smith, the wood-sawyer, and be glad of the chance! It's strange what some people would be willing to do for the sake of a husband! for my part, I would'nt take John Smith if he'd go down on his knees before me, and threaten to shoot himself if I didn't.

Heigh he! its rather dismal sitting here alone in the evening, with nothing but a cat to keep you company. To

be sure it's better than to have your life worried out of you by a parcel of children, with a brute of a husband, that will storm like a house a fire, if a button happens to come off his shirt and you don't sew it on directly. Heaven

preserve me from such a fate!

Hark, there's the bell! Goodness gracious! if it isn't John Smith himself, and I've got my morning dress on, and my hair isn't combed. I wonder what he wants? What if he has come to make me an offer! I think, on the whole, if he should that I would take compassion on him—just to spite Miss Snap. Would not she feel like tearing my eyes out—that's all.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

Why are the Confederate rams, unfit for the opening of the blockade? Because seized by Russell, they have drifted to scaward (Seward.)

Why is it that the Yankees in Tennessee are always overreached? Because they have some one to cheat 'em (Cheatham.)

When is a pair of houses well matched? When one is willing to do all the work and the other is willing he should.

What letter in the alphabet is the most disagreeable one to an old maid? Letter B.

Why are some women like horses? Because the gayer their harness is, the better they feel.

Punch met a friend anxiously looking for "concentrated lye." Strange that he did not see the Yankee dispatches.

Biddy says the best way to make iced cakes, is to bake them in a freezing oven.

It is all nonsense to suppose that money can't buy happiness; any man who has money can keep in good spirit; if he wants to, as there is a plenty in town.

Why should a dealer in "bivalves" be usually seriess? Because he is an austere man. (Oyster man.)

When is a man not himself? When he is an ape of somebody else.

Why are kenpecked husbands like crinoline? Because they are continually under petticoat rule!

Why are our farmers the most intemperate depreciators of Confederate currency? Because they keep well corned, and are stupid enough to think the money not "as good as wheat."

Why is an extortioner like a sculptor? Because it is his business to "chisel"

Why are siege guns like tailors? Because they make breaches.

Why are troubles like babies? Because they grow by nursing.

Why may women be called the harder sex? Because they were formed of bone, and are very often stone y hearted.

Why is an occupied chair like an expensive piece of goods? Because it is eat-in.

Wir.—Wit, like every power has its boundaries. Its success depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impressions, and as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds at which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.—

Johnson.

The following equivocal notice is said to swing out on a sign-board, somewhere in the Western country; "Smith to Huggs—Select School—Smith teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

#### CONULDRUMS.

What class of mechanics are the most regular in their business? The carpenters, because they live mostly by rule.

Why is dancing an intoxicating exercise? Because before we get through with it, we generally find ourselves reeling.

Why is the town bell a great tattler? Because it makes known all it is tolled.

When is a bank like a toper? When it goes on a burst.

Why are bar keepers like mosquitoes? Because they take their nips, free of charge.

Why is a man who vacates a house and cheats his landlord, like an officer in the army? Because he is a lefttenant.

Why may a poor doctor be said to be more lucky than a rich mechanic? Because he never has any of his bad work turned on his hands.

Why are gloves the most unsaleable of all articles? Because there are more of them on hand than any other goods.

Why should North Carolina have the darkest nights? Because it is so very pitchy.

What sert of drums are the most stirring? Kettl drums.

What sort are the most indelicate? Bass drums.

What sort are the most borish? Hundrums.

What sort are the most amusing? Con-un-drums.

What's the difference between a suit of clothes and a law suit? One provides us with pockets, the other empties them.

Why was Adam an actor? Because he was the leading man.

Why may the present war be compared to a lottery full of prizes? Because every man who takes a chance in it will certainly draw a sight, a sword, or his rations.

Just So. - Who is that glittering officer whom I have seen every time I came to Richmond, and who is so devoted to

the fair sex and to mint juleps, inquired a veteran of a citizen?

"Why he is on parole," was the reply.

"Well," said the veteran, "I suppose he must be on a pay roll, judging from appearances."

LITERARY CURIOSITY.—Looking over an old book, one sometimes comes suddenly upon a rare production. The following ingeniously constructed line is familiar to the antiquarian, and perhaps to others; but few know this, it is from the works of John Taylor, the Water Poet. Thus it runs:

"Lowd did I live, evil did I dwell."

"This," observes Taylor, "is the same backwards as forwards, and I will give any man five shillings who will produce another line equal to it."

That would be rather a difficult task.

Our "devil," however, is after the shillings;

Hannah did live, evil did Hannah.

Why is a Yankee dispatch like the product of ashes? Because it is the essence of ley.

Wool has been placed on the retired list by Lincoln. This article was discarded before the war.

Why is Vallandigham like a disconsolate lover? Because he continually sighs O-hi-o.

A yankee editor speaking of the rule of Butler the Beast in New Orleans, says that he was drawn there because of his capacity to manage rebels. If we catch him, he will be quartered here.

Why is a wee drink of the ardest going down the threat of the Irish renegade, General Meagher, like the falling of the top of Vesuvius? Because it is a drop of the crater.

A BAFE CONJECTURE. - The Marechal d'Etrees, aged one

hundred and three, heard of the death of the Duke de Tresme, at the age of ninety-three. "I am very sorry for it," said the Marechal, "but not surprised, he was a peor, worn out creature, I always said the man could never live long."

While Governor S—— was President of the University of North Carolina, walking on the Campus one day, he observed an unlawful assemblage of students. He proceeded towards them with his head down, his eyes fixed on the tip of his shoes, as was his wont. In the meantime all but one of the students left, and by the time the Governor reached the place of assembly they were no where to be seen. He lifted his eyes upon the place where the boys ought to have been, or rather where they ought not to have been, and issued the following singular order to the single student left;

"Sir, instantly disperse to your several places of abode."

Foote was acquitted from a certain charge proferred against him by the instigation of the Duchess of Kingston, by proving an alibi. When the trial was concluded, and the perjury evident, Lord Mansfield observed: "This is a very providential alibi; it has baffled the most infamous conspiracy ever set on Foot."

An Arkansas ex-Judge and great orator, said once in a murder case; "For was not Moses, the strongest of men, struck dead by a thunder bolt from the hand of Sampson on the top of Mount Tabor, for slaying an Egyptian at the foot of the pyramid of Cyruz, King of Athens."

Recently a man was digging some worms for my birds. A bright eyed, golden haired, three year old pet of his was standing by. Maggie watched the little creepers trying to escape from the basin into the ground, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, just look! they want to go to their mother."

He told her he did not know they had a mother. She immediately replied:

"The earth's their mother." And she was right. They were carth-worms.

Old Squire Jack, as he was familiarly called, was for many years a Justice of the Peace in \_\_\_\_\_, and in addition to issuing warrants and executions, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage eeremony.

One bitter cold winter night, about twelve o'clock, he was aroused from his sleep by a knock at the door. In no very amiable mood he jumped from his warm bed, and

throwing up the window, called out,

"Who's there?"

"Hollon, squire!" was the reply, "we want to get married."

"You're one, and now be off with you!" reared the Squire, and bringing down the window with a crash, he hopped into bed again.

"They are living man and wife to this day," the Squire

always added, when he told the story.

Sorgeant K—— having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dullness to-day." "Inoculated, brother" said Erskine, "I thought you had it in the natural way."

Complaint having been recently made in a Yorkshire hospital, that an old Hibernian would not submit to prescribed remedies, one of the committee proceeded to expostulate with him, when he defended himself by exclaiming, "Sure, your honor, was'nt it a blister they wanted to put on my back? and I only tould 'em it was altogether impossible, for I've such a mighty dislike to them blisters that put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach."

Mathew's attendant, in his last illness, administered to the patient some medicine; but a few moments after, it was discovered that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the vial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed;

"Good heavens, Matthews, I have given you ink."

"Never mind, my boy, never mind," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper."

The same Bob B——, on learning of a fight that had taken place between two members of the bar, in which an umbrella, thrown up by one of the combatants to fend off the blows of the other, suffered most, said, "He had'nt much sympathy for either of the parties, but he felt for the umbrella."

"Why so," said a hy-stander.

"Because it was under a reign of terror."

Sully, the painter, was a man distinguished for refinement of manners, as well as his success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."
"Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how can you be so rude?"

"Rude, ladies, what do you mean? I say she's got a meuth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

A person asked a Greeian philosopher, what he thought

was the proper time to dine.

"Sir," said the ancient, "the proper time for dinner with the opulent is when they choose; with the poor man when he can."

The following specimen of the jew d'esprit, current about 1805, may be worth preservation:

Says Boney to Johnny, "We're crossing to Dover." Says Johnny to Boney, "We can't let you come." Says Boney to Johnny, "What if I come over." Says Johnny to Boney, "You'll be overcome."

"Can I show you anything more to-day, sir?" asked the eivil gentleman, behind the counter of his worthy customer. "Yes sir," was the reply, "will you be good enough to show me the silk umbrella I left here three weeks ago. '

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly opened box, "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediteranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite, they will go a great deal further" Brown did not ask for any more.

Too Many Poles .-- Some years ago we attended a camp meeting in Fairfax county, Va. While we were sitting one afternoon in the tent of our friend, old Squirc Briggs, chatting agreeably with his interesting family, a man with a voice like the "bulls of Bashan," commenced in a tent immediately adjoining the one we were in, a noisy exhortation, which, of course, abruptly finished our conversation. We placed ourselves in an attitude for listening, out of respect for the worthy Squire, who was a leading man in the Church.

The rearing speaker, with more zeal than knowledge, loudly extelled the superiority of the Methodist religion, "For," said he, "it has already spread Urope, Asha, Afrik and 'Merica. Yes," he continued, "it will spread from the North Pole to the South Pole, and from the East Pole

to the West Pole."

While we were endeavoring to maintain our gravity. which was done with the utmost difficulty, all the decorum and propriety we could command was scattered to "the poles" by our worthy host exclaiming; in his peculiarly fine voice,

"Why, brother Bange has got in two more poles than

than I ever heard of before."

#### ANECDOTE OF GEN. SAM HOUSTON.

When General Houston was President of the Republic of Texas, in 1842, Commodore Moore, who commanded the Texas mavy, disobeyed the instructions of the President, and crippled and almost destroyed the Mexican fleet in an engagement off Yucatan. So signal was the victory, that the object of the Mexican Government to destroy the seaport towns of Texas was entirely frustrated; and the almost unanimous voice of the people of Texas screened their naval commander from the punishment that the ire of the here of San Jacinto would otherwise have meeted out to him, for daring to disobey his instructions issued through the Navy Department. But ever after this circumstance, Houston and Moore became implacable foes; and the former—who was constantly retained in high office by the people, as an earnest of the high appreciation in which they held his revolutionary services—failed not to improve every opportunity to injure the Commodore all in his power.

The result of these repeated injuries was, that Moore sent Houston a challenge. Now Sam, (peace to his ashes) has been often branded with cowardice by his political enemics, but, though we never believed him to be a coward, it is evident that with him prudence was often "the better

part of valor;" and so on this occasion.

The challenge was handed him by Gen. McLcod. Gen. H. deliberately opened and read the message; drew from his coat pocket a large memorandum book, which he opened, and several pages of which he scanned for some moments, seemingly engaged in solving some difficult arithmetical problem; then, placing the challenge in the book, and returning the same to his pocket, he drew himself up to his full height (6 feet 4 inches,) looked disdainfully down upon

the Liliputian figure (5 feet 2 inches) of Gen. McLeod, and

eooly replied, verbally, to the challenge as follows:

"Tell him I'll fight him. Yes, I'll fight him. I've got seventeen challenges already on my list. These insolent fellows must first be dispatched. Give the Commodore my compliments, and tell him he shall come on in his regular turn. Make a note of it, little Mack, he's No. 18." And the hero of San Jacinto strode into the Houston House for a drink.

Commodore Moore often afterwards repeated the challenge;

but he never could provoke Houston to fight him.

In the winter of 1850, the Legislature of Texas being in session, Houston and Moore were in the city of Houston at the same time, awaiting conveyance to the Capitol. The protracted and unusually copious rains had rendered the roads almost impassable, and many a fine stage-horse was left to perish, bogged in the Brazos bottom. For this cause, during several weeks the stage came and went with the mails, but invariably carried few or no passengers. The stage always left Houston at midnight, and the custom was to drive around the city, when the driver warned passengers that the stage was about to start, by blowing a trumpet before the doors of the principal hotels. Gen. H. was stopping at the Houston House, while Commodore M. put up at the old Capitol Hotel.

The night was dark and rainy, and when the stage stopped in front of the Houston House, Gen. H, muffled up to the eyes in his Mexican blanket, entered and took his seat in silence—the only passenger. At the Old Capitol Hotel, another passenger appeared in reply to the driver's call, and, closely wrapped in the ample folds of an old fashioned cloak, took a seat immediately opposite his unknown traveling companion. These two were the only passengers; and as each supposed the other to be a stranger, they communed with their own thoughts, or slapt until daylight. But with daylight came the discovery. Each saw the hideousness of the other, and with one accord they called to the driver to stop. The stage stopped, and Houston frantically bolted out, and proposed to the driver that he would ride with him upon the box. The General continued to ride

with the driver until the stage stopped to change horses, when, chilled with the cold, he entered the stage and took his old seat. It was now the Commodore's turn to "bolt," so he climbed upon the box, and rode with the driver. And thus they alternated, changing places whenever the stage stopped to change horses. Finally, finding the driver a very companionable sort of a man, the General confidingly placed his arm around him, and said—

"Driver, are you aware that you are carrying in your stage this trip, although you have but two passengers, the heaviest load of sin, rascality, guilt, infamy and corruption that you have ever earried over this road before in your

life !"

"Why, yes sir," replied the driver; "that's just what the man inside told me a short time ago!"

Houston asked the driver no further questions.

General Houston, like the Seribes and Phariscos of old, was an oracle of truth and conscientiousness, however little

he practiced those estimable qualities himself.

When the writer of these incidents was a youth, he one day had on a new pair of boots that were a little too small—too low in the instep—and was in the aet of drepping warm water from a sponge upon them, and working his feet with the object of stretching the leather and rendering his feet more comfortable, when General Houston entered the office. Observing what was doing, and divining the cause, the General placed his hand upon our head, and, with the air and tone of a patriarch said: "Young man—remember, that in threading the intricate labyrinthstand devious meanderings of this life, a tight boot and a guilty conscience are the two worst things a young man can possess."

Not an Uncommon Case.—A traveller from Virginia, as his appearance indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn, in Kentucky, one night years ago. The landlord was a jovial whole-souled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainment his table and bar could afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad.

Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway sought Boniface, and indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality, in setting plain whiskey before him when the means of brewing nectar was so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot, and pointing to the mint, he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what

this is?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what it is used for?"

"Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with the other yarbs."

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of

the assertion.

"And do you mean to say you do not know what a mint julep is?"

"Not, 'eept it is something like sage tea, stranger."

"Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket

of ice, loaf sugar, and your best liquor."

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank, and drank min: breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out, only to be ordered back.

Through the livelong day they brewed and drank, one or two neighbors dropping in, who were partakers; and late in the night their orgies kept up; ere they made it bed time the landlord and the Virginia guest, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers; and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface, exacted the pleage that he would stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of eost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back.

Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and at the same time inquired:

"Well, Sam, how is your master?"

"Yonder he comes," said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

"I mean your old master, too!"

"Old massa! him done dead dis three months."

"Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes; you see, massa stranger, one of dem Virginny gemman come 'long here las' year, and show'd him how to eat grass in his liquor; he like it so well he done stuck to it 'till it kill him," said the darkey, shaking his head.

Advice Gratis.—Beware of the ,fate of the Kentucky landlord: Profit by his sorrowful experience, and obey Paul's injunction; "Be ye temperate in all things."

Par's Lady Gardener.—Make up yer beds arly in the morning, sew buttons on yer husbands shirts, and do not rake up gravances, protect the young and tinder branches of yer family, plant a smile of good timper on yer face, and be careful to root out all angry phaling, and then you may expict a good crop of happiness.

Don't Go it Strong.—Said landlady Prim to a boarder, "help yourself to the butter; don't be backward, there's a plenty of it."

"Thank you marm, but I'm a temperance man now, and have pledged myself to withstand temptation and partake of nothing strong."

Doubtful Courage.—The brave man at home, but a coward from home,"

## TRUE TO HIS NAME.

In ancient days, Jehovah said,
In voice both sweet and calm:
Be Abram's name forever changed
To that of Abraham.

'Iwas then decreed his progeny Should occupy high stations, For, Abraham in Hebrew means: "Father of many nations!"

In Yankeeland, an Abraham,
With speeches wise nor witty,
Went down to his Jerusalem,
The famous Federal city.

True to his name this Abram will, So changed are his relations, Instead of one great nation, be Father of many nations!

In the —— Circuit is a Scotch Judge. A convicted felon—a deplorably hard looking and unmistkable *Paddy* was brought in to be sentenced.

Judge—"What have you to say?"
Pat—"I crave mercy, yer Honor!"
Judge—"What countryman are you?"

Pat-"A Scotchman, an plaze yer honor, dale gently wi' the likes o' me!"

A perceptible smile spread over the Court room and the poor fellow got the full term.

A little bright-eyed four-year old came running up to me one lovely day in summer, exclaiming, "Oh, auntie, I feel as if I wanted to hug the morning, it is so beautiful."

JEO D'ESPRIT.—Miss Fanny Merant was, at last accounts, playing in New York. Once upon a time, this historian suddenly broke her engagement at the St. Charles, New-Orleans, and went to California with Mr. James Anderson, the Tragedian. Whereupon, these lines were penned:

More rant will California hear, When this long trip is done; The tragic mus will start with fear At Fanny and her son! An Irish servant being struck by his master, cried out, devil take me if I am certain whether he has killed me or no; but if I am derd it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old rogue was hanged for killing me.

One having occasion to rise early, bid his man look out, and see if it was day; the man replied, it was dark; you, logger-head, says he, why don't you take a candle and hold it out of the window, how do you think to see without?

A fellow going to sleep, put a brass pot under his head and finding it hard, stuffed it with feathers, and so lay on 'it with confidence of softness.

A beggar-voman petitioned a young buck very hard, to bestow a single half penny upon her; at the same time assuring him it was lending to the Lord. Indeed, awoman, answered the buck, I'll not lend the Lord a farthing; for if I should happen to go to hell, I should never see him to demand my debt.

A citizen's wife being in the country, and seeing a goose that had many goslings; how is it possible, said she, that one goose should suckle so many goslings?

A gentleman, who had been very silly and pert in a lady's company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of his child, lately dead. A bishop sitting by, advised him to make himself easy, because the child was gone to heaven. I believe, my lord, said the lady, 'tis that which makes, him grieve, because he is sure never to see his child there.

A gentleman asked a shepherd, whether that river might be passed over or not? Yes, says he; but upon trying, he flounced over head and ears; why, you rogue, says he, did you not tell me it might be passed over? Indeed, sir, says he, I thought so, for my geese go over and back again every day, and I did not doubt but you was as wise as a goose.

A Priest in Ireland, having preached a sermon on miracles, was asked by one of his congregation, walking homewards, to explain a little more lucidly what a miracle meant.

"Is it a merakle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on thin there forninst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you."

The man walked on, and the priest came after him and

gave him a tremendous kick.

"Ugh !" roared the sufferer, "why did you do that?"

"Did you feel it?" asked the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the man.

"Well, thin, it would have been a merakle if you had not," returned the priest.

"Our children will have the immense tax on their hands," said an American gentleman.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady, "what a

blessing it is we have nails on ours."

"Come to church," the deacon cries:
To church each fair one goes
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

A gentleman being at church, had his pocket picked of his watch, and complaning of it to a friend of his, he replied, had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had been secure; but the next watch you carry about you, remember these lines:

He that a watch would wear, this he must do, Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

A person asked an Irishman, why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? He answered, because there was a hole on the other side.

A simple fellow was making a great moan and said, he had got such a pain in his feet, that he was not able to lift up his hand to his head.

Kicking a Young Bride Out of Bed.—Recently, a funloving bridesmaid played a very unhandsome joke upon a howly wedded pair. She put them upon a clock bedstead, having wound it up for four o'clock. The alarm of the young couple, may be imagined but not described, when, in the midst of the lady's first sleep, she was awakened by the horrible din of the alarm, with her husband's, "What the d—l is that?" and, before she was thoroughly awake, she was violently tossed on the floor. Jumping up, she ran to her friend's room, crying

"I'll have a divorce—it's infamous! I'll never speak

to Charles again !—he's a perfect monster!"

"Good gracious!" eried her friend Lizzie, in affected astonishment, "What is the matter, dear? Do tell me!"

"He—he—he—" sobbed the weeping bride, and stopped. "He—he—he—oh, how can I tell?" sobbed the bride.

"Come, come, out with it. It shall be a secret. Do tell me," implored her friend.

"How can I—how can I? But he——"
"He what?" asked Lizzic; kissed you?"

"No. no!" sobbed the bride; "he kicked me out of bed!"
The matter was soon explained, and no divorce has yet

been applied for.

A West-end tradesman, who for two years has vainly tried to get paid for a doz n of cravats which a young fop, suspected of living a little at the expense of confiding tradesmen, had bought of him, at last sent his bill for "A dozen fancy satin policemen." "What does this mean?" asked the fop. "What are satin policemen?" "They are doubtless your cravats," was the reply, "because they take a thief by the throat every morning."

A lawyer was once pleading a case in court before the full bench. The chief justice whispered in his neighbor's ear, but loud enough to be heard by others, "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least disconcerted, drew his purse from his pocket, and laying it on the bar, exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

John B. Gough tells the following story, though the joke be at his own expense. Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a village audience in these terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I 'ave the 'oner to hintroduce to you the distinguished lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, who will haddress us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but to-night as we listen to our friend the horator from hover the hocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of Samson repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jawbone of a hass!"

A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him that he should employ no more Irishmen, "for the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ab, yer Honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any master I iver served."

<sup>&</sup>quot;What," asked the schoolmaster, "is the term applied to the crime of possessing two wives at one time?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Bigamy," replied the scholar."

<sup>&</sup>quot;And if there be more than two, what should you call it?"

The scholar reflected a moment, then chancing to cast his eyes upon a map of Utah that decorated the wall, he smiled, and confidently answered,

<sup>&</sup>quot;Brighamy, sir!"

A young man, rather verdant and very sentimental, while making himself interesting to a young lady, the other evening, by quoting from the poets, to the other choice and rare extracts he added, "There is no place like home." "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said muslin, "why don't you stay there?"

### SELF-DEFENCE IN ATLANTA.

Confederate States of America, Street Walker's Office, Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 13, 1863.

Notice.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until the end of the war, from contractors, to build a steel chain Coat-of-Mail, with which to "iron-elad" the person of the undersigned, that he may, in fancied security, peregrinate the streets of Atlanta without fear of the assassin's knife; also—

For the manufacture of one 12-pound howitzer brass eannon, to work on a movable pivot, to be swung to the coattail of the subscriber, as a defence against "garoters" approaching from any given direction. A four-barrelled cannon would be preferable, to fire schrapnel and chain-shot upon parties advancing from our dark alleys at one time.

Also, sealed proposals for the following articles of offen-

sive and defensive warfare:

One dumb bell, weighing eighteen pounds, to be used as a slung-shot in encounters with "thugs" and "shoulder strikers."

One pair brass knuckles, so that the wearer may throw down the gauntlet, and still meet the insidious foe hand and glove.

One Arkansas toothpick, about the length and eurve of

a scythc-blade.

Two navy revolvers, for close quarters with "the fancy." One improved steel trap, to be worn in the coat-tail pocket as a sort of dumb sentinel against pickpockets.

One holster pistol, charged to the muzzle with earpet tacks, with which to levy a few tax in kind on the "Dum

v vimus vivamouses,"

One hiekory-knobbed stick, for "boarding the enemy."
One brindle bull terrier, with spike collar and no tail, and cars cropped, as a captain of escort to the subscriber.
[This article, of course, is not expected to be made to order.]

One steel helmet, to protect the head from accidental but inevitable collisions against friendly bludgeons around

dark eorners.

One railroad engine reflector, to be used as a dark

lantern every time the moon goes down and the street

lamps are lit up.

Each bid must be accompanied by the name of two or more approved securities for the faithful performance of the contract, stating the address of the same, and giving

references as to their respectability.

The articles aforesaid must be furnished immediately. The subscriber is determined to preserve an "armed neutrality" on all the little differences which may exist between the municipal government and the Chevaliers d'Industrie, who have lately become part proprietors of this Hon. Kwort Keg, thriving village.

Supt. Street Walker's Office.

Three citizens walking in the fields, one said, We shall have a great year of black berries; for the last week, I plucked a handful of the fairest red black-berries that I ever saw. A second person laughed at him, saying, Red black-berries is a bull! But the third person, with much gravity, justified what the former had said, and very sagely questions, Are not black berries always red when they are green?

A company of young ladics lately discussed this question—" What is the great duty of man?" One of them, dressed a la mode from head to foot, contended that it was to pay milliners' bills. This was agreed to without a disscnting voice.

A wise barber having been to trim a gentleman at night, was bid to take a candle to light him down stairs; which having done, and lighted himself down, he very orderly brought it up again, returning thanks, and so went down stairs again in the dark.

The wit deservedly won his bef who, in a company when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother 12 feet high. He had, he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

#### HOSS ALLEN, OF MISSOURI.

(The following sketch is by the author of "Swallowing an Oyster Alive!" and was originally published in the St. Louis "Reveille.")

This celebrated gentleman is a recognized "hoss" certainly; and, we are told, rejoices as much at his cognomination, as he did at his nomination for the chair gubernatorial, last election. He did not run well enough to reach the chair, though it appears from his own account, that his hoss qualities, "any how," fall considerably below those of the sure-ecough animal. This is his story—which he is very fond

of relating up by Palmyry.

"You see, boys, I came to the d-d river, and found I had to swim. Had best clothes on, and didn't know what to do! "What river?" Why, Salt river. Our Salt, here in Missouri, d—d thing, always full when don't want it. Well, boys, you knows hoss Allen !-no back out in him, any how! Stripped to the skin, just tied clothes up in bundle, strapped it on to the critter's head, and 'cross we swum together. Well, don't you think, while I was gittin' up the bank, the d-d thing got away, and started off with my clothes on his head! and the more I run, and hollered, and 'whoa'd,' the more I couldn't eatch the eussed varmint! 'Way he'd go, and I arter-hot as h-ll, too, all the way, and valler flies about—and when I did get tol'ble near, he'd stop and look, cock his ears, and give a snuff, as if he never smelt a man afore, and then streak it off agin as if I had been an Ingin! Well, boys, all I had to do was to keep a follorin' on, and keep flies off; and I did, till we come to a s'ough, and, says I, now, old feller, I got you, and I driv him in. Well, arter all, do you know, fellers, the d-d eritter wouldn't stick! he went in and in, and by'm by came to a deep place, and swum right across—a fact, true as thunder! Well, you see, when I cum to the deep place, I swum, too; and do you know that d-d beast just nat-'rally waited till I got out, and looked at me all over, and I could act'ily see him lassin! and I was nasty enough to make a hoss laugh, any how!

"Well, thinks I, old feller, recon you'v had fun enough with me now, so I gits some sticks and scrapes myself all over, and got tel'be white agin, and then begins to coax the d—d varmint! Well, I 'whoa'd,' and 'old boy'd,' and cum up right civil to him, I tell ye, and he took it mighty condescendin', too; and jist when I had him, sure—cussed if he didn't go right back into the slough agin, swum the deep place, walked out, and stood on t'other side waitin' for me.

"Well, by this time the d. d yaller flies cum at me agin, and I jist nat'rally went in arter the blasted beast, and stood afore him, on t'other side, just as nasty as before—did by thunder, boys! Well, he laffed agin till he nearly shook the bundle off, and 'way he went, back agin, three miles to the river, and then he jist stopped dead and waited till I cum up to him, and jist kind a axed me to eum and take hold of the bridle, and then guv a kiek and a 'ruction and went in agin, laffin all the time; and, right in the middle, d—m me, if he didn't shake my clothes off, and 'way they went, down stream, while he swum ashore, and I, just nat'rally, lay down on the bank, and cussed all creation.

"Well, you see, boys, there I lays bove a hour, when I sees a feller pullin' up stream in a skift, a-tryin' on a coat; and says I, stranger, see here, when you're done gittin' my coat ou, I'il thank you for my shirt! and the feller sees how it was, and pulls a-shore, and helps me. I tell you what, boys, you may talk of hoss lafs, but when you want a good one, just think of Hoss Allen!"

#### TAIL HOLT BETTER THAN NO HOLT.

The following laughable affair is from a book entitled Fisher's River Seenes and Characters. The incident is located in North Carolina. It is the story of a man named "Oliver Stan'ey," who was taken captive by wild "Injuns." After some consideration, they put him into an empty oil barrel and headed him up, leaving the bunghole open, that he might be longer dying. The prisoner relates a portion of his experience in this wise:

I determined to get out' of that or burst a trace; and so I pounded away with my fist till I beat it into nearly a jelly, at the end of the bar'l; but it were no go. Then I butted a spell with my noggin, but I had no purchase like old rams have when they butt; fur, you know they

back ever so far when they make a tilt. So I eaved in. made my last will and testament, and virtually gave up the ghost, It wur a mighty serious time with me, to be sure. While I were lying there, balancing accounts with t'other world, and afore I had all my figgers made out to see how things 'ud stand, I heard suthin' scrambulating in the leaves, and snortin', every whipstitch like he smelt suthin' he didn't adzactly like. I lay as still as a salumander, and thought, maybe there's a chance for Stanley So the critter, whatever it mout be, kep' moseyin' round the bar'l. Last he came to the bunghole, put his nose in, smelt mighty perticuler, and gin a monstrous loud snort. I holt what little breath I had to keep the critter from smellin' the intarnals of that bar'l, seen it was a bar of the woods—the big king bar of the woods, who had lived that from time immortal. Thinks I old fellow look out; old Oliver ain't dead yit. Jist then, he put his black paw in jist as fur as he could, and scrabbled about to make 'scovery. The first tho't I had was to nab his paw, as a drowndin' man will ketch at a straw; but I soon seen that wouldn't do, for you see he couldn't then So I jist waited a spell with great flatterbation of mind. The next move he made was to put his tail in at the bunghole ov the bar'l to test inards. I seen that were my time to make my Jack; so I seized my holt and shouted at the top ov my voice;

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

And the bear he put, and I knowed tail holt were better than no holt; and so we went; bar'l and all, the bar full speed. Now, my hope were that the bar would jump over some pressepiss, break the bar'l all to shiverations, and liberate me from my nasty, stinken' ily prison, and sure 'nuff, the bar at full speed leaped over a caterack fifty foot high. Down we went together in a pile, cowhallop, on a big rock, bustin' the bar'l and nearly shakin' my gizzard out' me. I let go my tail-holt-had no more use for it—and away went the bar like a whirly gust ov woodpeckers were after it. I've never seen nor heard from that bar since, but he has my best wishes for his present and future welfare.

The following dialogue between an Irish Inn-keeper and an Englishman, dates as far back as 1804.

Englishman.—Hallo, house."

INN-KEEPER.—'I don't know any one of that name.'

E.—'Are you the master of the inn?

I.—Yes, sir, please your honor, when my wife's from home.'

E.—'Have you a bill of fare?'

- I.—'Yes, sir, the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.'
  - E .- 'I see, how are your beds?'

I.—'Very well, I thank you, sir:'

E.—-'Have you any 'Mountin?"

I.—'Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.'

E.—'I mean a kind of wine.'

I.—'Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish wine (butter milk) to Burgundy.'

E.—'Have you any parter?'

I.—'Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter, he'll go anywhere.'

E.-'No, no, I mean porter to drink.'

I.—'Oh sir, he'd drink the occan—never fear him for that,'

E.—'Have you any fish?'

I - 'They eall me an old fish.'

E.—'I think so, I hope you are not a shark.'

I.—'No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.'

E.—'Have you any soles?'

I.—'For your boots or shoes, sir?'

E.—'Psha! have you any plaice?'

I.—'No sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B——.'

E.—'Have you any wild fowls?'

I.—'They are tame enough now, for thay have been killed these three days.'

E.—'I must see myself.'

I.—'And welcome, sir, I will fetch you the looking glass.

"How is coal now?" inquired a gentleman of a son of the Emerald Isle, who was damping a load of coals in the street. "Black as ever, sir, be jabers," responed Patrick.

## "I'LL SEE MY PARTNER."

Strange devices were adopted by some of the hard-up soakers on Christmas-day, to get the wherewithal to feel the influence of "the day we celebrate;" and none were more ingenious than the method of a pretended mute, who took in some of the merchants that kept open doors for a few hours in the morning, to eath the early birds that chanced to fly their way. The mute aforesaid, after scrutinizing the sign over the door, pulled a slate out of his pocket, walked in, and writing on it the words:

"Got any molassess?" handed it to the merchant.

The latter, taking the hint—namely, that the gentleman was a deaf mutc—wrote down the word—

"Ye."

The deaf mute added immediately the inquiry--

"How much do you ask for it?"

The merchant jotted down-

"Fifteen dollars,"

The deaf mute wrote-

' Let me see it."

The merchant conducted him to the cellar, and gave him a look at the sorghum. Dummy tasted the same, and, manifesting his satisfaction by sundry signs and grimaces, wrote upon his slate—

"I'll see my partner."

He then started out; but, as if having forgotten something, returned, and jotted down the cabalistic sentence-

"Got any first-rate brandy?"

The merchant replied through the medium of the slate --

"Yes-splendid."

"Let me see it," responded Duniny, in the same way,

after cleansing the tablet with his coat-sleeve.

The merchant conducted him to a bright, particular barrel, drew out a few "taster's" full, and poured the ruby liquor into a goblet, in which it was illuminated by the circumambient air to a magnificent advantage. Dummy took it—there was over half a pint in the goblet—viewed the surrounding scenery of shelves and boxes through it for a few moments, then slightly tasted it; grinned satisfaction, and rubbed his belly; poised the goblet for a moment

longer in the air, and then quietly tilted it to his lips, and the brandy disappeared "like a dream" from the astonished vision of the merchant. Dummy hoisted his slate again, wrote upon it the words, "I'll see my partner," made a bow, and left.

Some half-a-dozen merchants were called upon and "tasted" in the same fashion by the original, who, at length gave in, and toddled down to one of the numerous "rests for travelers"—the public square—and took a glorious slumber for the rest of the day.

Little Charles came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potator, and the potatoe transferred to his plate before he thought of the usual blessing. Looking up to his father, he says: "Pa, you talk to Heaven while I mash my potatoe." His hunger made him wish to improve every moment.

An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text—"Ye are the children of the devil," and in the afternoon, by a funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not, is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her noes.

"Dear, dear!" says Mrs. Partington, "it's a great pity that men will go to war and cut each other's throats, like a set of naked animals. It would be much better if they would admit their disputes to agitution, as they do in the Divorce Court, instead of setting one regiment to shoot and kill another regiment."

"What is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a clergyman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzle. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said. "Perhaps it be a flea." "STICK 'EM, BOYS." —Extra Billy Smith, formerly Colonel of the 49th Virginia, and the present Governor of that glorious old State, is well known to the whole army as no martinet in military matters, caring but little in what language his orders are given, nor whether they are executed according to the rules of tacties, so they are understood by his men and earried out as he desires. One of his command informs us of a good one of his at one of the battles before Richmond, which will bear recording.

During the severest of the contest, when ball and shell were raining in a perfect torrest upon his position, Extra Billy, who sat on his horse calm and unmoved as if on ordinary parade, saw, as he thought an exportantly for a successful charge upon a battery with a pretty strong in-

fantry support, and called out to his men:

"Boys! you see them fellows over yonder. Pull out

bayonets. Now, stick 'em!"

The "boys" went in with a rush, their brave leader at their head, and did "stick cm" until not a few lay stretched in the agonies of death upon the gory field.

"DAT Vos Nix."—Not long since an honest German "entered his appearance" before one of our magistrates, and made complaint against a gay Lothario for compensatory damages for stealing his wife's clothing. The lady occupied the interior of the clothing at the time of the theft, but this act seemed to be ignored by the complainant. The dispenser of justice suggested that instead of trying to recover the value of the dry goods, a suit should be instituted for damages to his frau's honor. "Oh no," replied the injured man, in the most philosophic and complacent tone imaginable, "Dat vos nix!"

A friend has told us of an excellent way to keep skippers out of bacon during the summer. It is, to give all you cannot eat during the winter, to the wives and children of poor soldiers. He says he tried this plan last winter, and it worked like a charm. Reader; suppose you try it, and see how it will operate in your ease. We strongly recommend it to everybody.

REMARKABLY SOCIAL GOVERNOR.—Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio, past that place, I overheard the following characteristic anecdote of him:

A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger who made inquiries about Powell.

'He lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes-one of our oldest citizens."

"Very social man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't keen with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet upon m<sub>f</sub> lap, and spit all over me—remarkably sociable!"

Scene at one of our Hotels.—Time, nine o'clock, Enter gentleman with an overcoat, very cold and in a hurry.

Gent.—"Ah, give me the key to 39, Clerk, not very impressible or enthusiastic, "what d'ye want with key to 39?" "I want to go to bed, sir." Sternly, "the devil you do! And in Captain Smith's room?" "Certainly; Captain Smith and myself are rooming together; it's all right." "Captain Smith," bawls Clerk, to a gentleman near by, "does this here man room with you and Mrs. Smith?" Stranger disappears out of back door.

In a recent ride we discovered the following placed upon a gatepost:

"Fur sail a too story cows pen. The owner Expex to Go to calefforney."

Perfectly Cool.—A waggish friend of ours tells the following, which we do not recollect to have seen in print:

A certain man who we will call M-, was noted for his possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crossest wife in the neighborhood. More than one attempt had been made to frighten M-without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chips resolved to see if there was any scare in him, fixed himself in a lonely piece of wood through which M —— had to pass on his way home. The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M --- hove in sight and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and, in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop. M—— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness, "I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way, and let me pass; if you are Old Nick, come along and take supper with me—I married your sister."

How He Got to His Vessel.—A sailor in Boston, having left ship for a visit to the city, woke up next morning and found his clothes had been stolen by his room matelle was very anxious to return to his vessel, but his under. garment was the only one left, and that was not of sufficient dimensions to answer all the requirements of the occasions. He finally procured the loan of a headless flour-barrel, got into it, and holding the barrel at sufficient height to comply with the demands of decency, he marched down to the wharf, and arrived at the vessel before she sailed. His appearance on the street created quite a sensation.

An Irisu Discussion.—A contractor, who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad, observed, one morning, that the face of a member of his gang had its surface all apotted with bruises and plaster.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Ah! Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doin'?"
"Not varry much, sur," answered Jimmy, "I was jist

<sup>&</sup>quot;Not varry much, sur," answered Jimmy, "I was just down at Billy Mulligan's last night, sur, an' him an' me we had a bit av a discooshen wid sthicks!"

A young chaplain, who had neither a good voice, nor skill in singing, yet thought every one admired him; often observed an old woman to fall a crying when the psalm was singing; for which, one day, he asked her before some of the chiefest of the house, what moved her to weep so often when the psalm was singing? alas, sir, said she, when I lived in the country with my husband, we had the misfortune to lose a she-ass which was very profitable to us, and your voice doth so much resemble her's, that every time I hear you sing, I cannot forbear weeping when I think of the poor creature.

A I ITTLE GIRL'S DIRECTNESS.—In a lecture at l'ortland, Maine, the lecturer, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster easts his shell when he has outgrown it, said:

"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes?

You cast them aside, do you not ??

"Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The lecturer confessed she had the advantage of him there.

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled withal at the manner of worship. Having been told that the brethren spake even as they were moved by the spirit, he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for their "haythern way of worship," till a young Quaker arose and commenced solemnly—

" Brethren, I have married ——"

"The duce you have?" interrupted Pat.

The Quaker sat down in confusion, but the spirit moved Pat no farther. The young man mustered courage and broke ground again:

"Brethren, I have married a daughter of the Lord."
"The duce you have that!" said Pat, "But it'll be a

long while before iver I'll see your father-in-law."

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridle ceremony?

Mr. Jokish and Mr. Jackson, two tradesmen of London, went to West-chester fair to lay a little money out; and being there one night, the chamberlain of the inn where they lodged, happened to conduct them through an apartment where there were two men in bed together. Mr. Jokish observed that one of them was so plaguy long shanked that his legs were half-way out of the bed; which he no sooner saw than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humor with them. And as soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie he says to the chamberlain, you may now leave us, and we will take care of the eandle ourselves. So, when the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bedfellow with his design. Did you observe (says he) the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out at the foot of the bed? Yes, replied Jackson; and what then? If you will hold the candle just at the door, answered Jokish, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I will show you some diversion. With all my heart! replied Jackson. So they both of them pulled off their slippers, to prevent making a noise. And as soon as Jokish came into the room where the two men lay, he espies by the bedside a pair of spurs; one of which he takes up, and gently puts it upon the man's naked foot that hung so far out of bed; and as soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons his friend Jackson to take away the candle, and shut the door; and then he gives Teaugue (for he happened to be an Irishman) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon. The Irishman, at this, begun to growl confoundedly, and hauling up his feet into the bed, (though not awake,) he scratched his bedfellow's legs sadly with the spur, who, being a Scotchman, roars out, in a devlish passion—Dee'l d—n you, sir, gen y'fe not gang out of the bed, and eut your toe nails, by G-d! ise throw ye oot o'th' window! The Irishman being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, soon after thrust down his legs as they were before, Then Jokish gave him another pinch by the toe, and up the Irishman hauls his feet again, and seratehes the Scotch. man's leg as before; at which the Scotchman began to pummel the Irishman heartily; presently after, the Irishman, rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of the spur into his own leg, which thoroughly awaked him. At this, he with some surprise, putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with his foot, cried out in a very great passion— Arrah, d—n my shoul, but the horstler of this inn is a very great rascal! but he has pulled off both my boots, and like a d—d rogue has left one of my spurs on.

Fun on the River.—A member of the 40th Alabama, writing to the Mississippian an account of a trip up the Alabama river, says:

The bays aboard extracted a great deal of fun from a raw recruit on his way to join Seldon's artillery. After we had taken several "grins," one of them informed him that his transportation entitled him to whisky free and a scat at the ladien' table. "Well," said Greeny, "d -d if I didn't think so all the time," and with a lordly air he marehed to the bar, threw down his transportation from Col. Echols. and said: "Now, G-d, Mr. Barkeeper, I'll take a drink on that ere document!" Barkceper, who was posted and paid, gave him a drink and several more, with an endorsement on the transportation each time to this effect: "By order of Col. Echols—one h-ll of a drink!" Greeney, when the gong sounded, made a desperate raid on the ladies' table, and desolated the country for an arm's length on either flank. But his triumph was short-lived. He soon learned that before he could go into the battery, he would have to be examined in naturalibus, by the Provost Marshal and seven assistants, all of whom were aged females! The last I saw of him he was anxiously inquiring of Captain Cox if they would not 'let him off from the examination if he told them ar women how close kin he was to Vice President Stephens?" Bully for Seldon's battery.

At a young ladies' seminary, a few days since, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

#### THE REVEREND MR. TREACLE.

Mr. Beecher,
Yankee preacher,
Is, just now, a London feature,
Sent, we're thinking,
By Abe Lincoln,

To become Britannia's teacher,

Execuations, Utullations,

Yankee yelling, Pat's orations,

Menace frantic, O'er the Atlantic,

Stir not this most bland of nations,

Try new order, Use soft sawder,

Praise Britannia, hymn her, laud her.

Reverend brother, Call her mother,

Soothe her, pat her and applaud her.

From his master
Comes the pastor,
Cast aside the pepper castor,

And stands cooing,
Suing, wooing.

Blister, bless you—Poor Man's Plaster. Wheedle, Beecher,

Gentle preacher,

All your wiles won't overreach her.

Give instruction
In egg-suction,

Granny knows all you can teach her.

#### EIN GLASS LAGER.

Shdrong du peest mine lager, Nix can shdronger pe, I likes du petter as goot, Petter as goot can be. Vhen I dhrinks mein lager, Him feel shdrong much more, Pat py chinks I likes him Petter as pefore,

<sup>&</sup>quot;You are a great bore," said an enraged gentleman from his chamber-window to a youth who had been serenading his daughter half an hour—"you are a great bore, and I think you mean to keep on boring till you get water, and there it is," emptying a pitcher-full upon his head.

#### A CALIFORNIA STORY.

In the northern part of this State, (California,) is a stream called Yuba river. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge, and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the town increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a sojourner in the laud passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed him:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" replied the shirt with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?" demanded the traveller, whose

name was Thompson.

The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"Yuba Dam!"

There was about fifty yards between them and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Yuba Dam," replied the shirt cheerfully.
"What place is this?" roared Mr. Thompson.

"Yuba Dam!" said the shirt in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!" yelled the irate Thompson. "I asked you politely what place this was, why in thunder don't you answer?"

The stranger became excited. He rose and replied with

the voice of an eighty pounder:

"Yuba Dam! Don't you hear that?"

In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offence and defence.

Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said:
"I ask you, for the last time, what place is this?"
Putting his hand to his mouth his opponent roared;
"Yuba Dam!"

The next moment they were at it. First Thompson was down; then the shirt; then it was a dog fall—that is both were down. They rolled about and kicked up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically, that you'd thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally, they both rolled on the bank and into the river.

The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separately, and put for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, leaving his foe gouging

the mud out of one of his eyes.

Having left the buisness portion of the town—that is, the corner where the three bars were kept—he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about

three years old was playing.

"What place is this, sissy?" he asked. The little girl frightened at the drowned ratfigure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped,—turned and squealed—Oobbee dam!"

"Good heavens!" said Thomson digging his heels between his horse's ribs—" [ •• I heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men, but the very babes

and sucklings swear at inoffensive travelers !"

How he had a Conversation with the General.— The following good one is told of a military interview between a private soldier and General Lee, which took place in Western Virginia:

"I say, Bob," said one private to another. "I've jest

had a conversation with Gen. Lee."

"O, you're joking, Bill."
"No I ain't, 'pon honor."
"Well, what did he say?"

<sup>&</sup>quot;Well, you see, I was in a cornfield, a hooking some of old Jones' taters, when the General comes along, and says he to me: 'I say, you there, if you don't quit stealin' taters and get out of that field in double-quick time, I'll have you court martialed and horse whipped around the camps,' and so I left."

#### THE CASE-HARDENED ONE.

Bill Rigden, whose exploits down on Red river we have mentioned before, had been drinking some, and, contrary to his usual custom, was blowing considerable, and finally said he could run faster, jump higher, dive deeper and come out drier, chaw more tobacco, drink more whiskey, and do more strange, queer and impossible things, than any man in the crowd, winding up by offering to throw any man or fight a dozen, one at a time, then and there. A tall, cadaverous, fever-and-ague-looking chap got up and said:

"I'm in for that last, stranger. I'm some on a wrastle

myself, and I'll try you."

At it they went, and Bill got thrown badly. They then tried jumping, and Bill was euchered again. There was no water near to experiment at diving in, and Bill himself proposed that they should try some whiskey.

"Wal," said fever and ague, "I don't chaw tobaker, but

I jist kin drink you dead drunk in an hour,"

"Never!" shouted Bill, and they sat down, whiling the time away by playing euchre; game after game and glass after glass passed, without the least apparent effect upon the stranger, while Bill showed it badly, soon not being able to tell the eards or even to handle them.

At this stage the pale face arose, remarking:

"Wal, I guess as how you're drunk enough; and ef you'll make me one drink, I'll mount my pony and be off."

"What'll you have?" said the clerk.

"Got any brandy?"

"Yes."

"Put in a middling dram." It was done. "Got any red-eye?"

"Yes."

'Wal, a leetle of that. Any Turpentine?"

"Plenty."

"About a spuneful put in. Any red pepper?"

"Yes."

"Shake in some; and now my boy, ef you'll put in a leetle of that aquafortis I see up thar, I'll take my drink and be gone."

"My——," groaned Bill, "I should think you would —I give it vp. I'm beat. Don't drink that, stranger, you'll die, sure. I'll never say drink again, I swear I won't Don't drink it."

Amid the roars of the crowd, the pale gent mounted his pony and cantered away.

HARDEE'S TACTICS IMPROVED.—As our army was returning from Northern Mississippi, one of the soldiers who was straggling rather far in the rear, was accosted by Gen. Hardee, with "Hallo, my friend, why don't you hurry up, and not be lagging so far behind?"

"Ain't you Gen. Hardee?" asked the straggler.

"Yes, I am, but why do you ask?"

"Well, didn't you write a book called Hardee s Tactics?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, didn't you tell in that book how to double column at half distance?"

"Yes, I did."

"But you never said nothin' about how to double dis-

tance on half rations, did you, General?"

"No, my friend, I did not; but you can take your time, only do the best you can," replied the General, as he put spurs to his horse and gallopped off.

An Englishman, reviewing Beauregard's army last summer, observed some of our careless soldiers with white flags in the seat of their breeches, and he said to Beauregard that the Yankees would laugh if they saw such sights. "O," said our General, "the Yankees never see the backs of our men."

An Irish officer in Minorca, was found by a gentleman, who came to visit him in the morning, a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied, that he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost him eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half a crown for the person who brought them. His friend observing, that this was too poor a recompense for such a pair of silk stockings; poh, man, replied he, I directed the crier to say they were worsted.

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